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PANEGYRICK  
On the Late  
Dutchess  
O F  
MAZARINE

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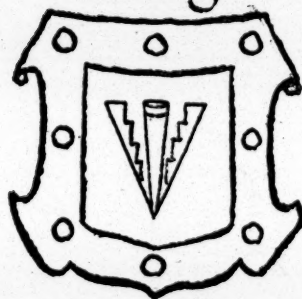
By Mr. *John Smith.*

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*Epistle Dedicatory*

T O T H E  
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of  
*Burlington and Cork.*

MY LORD,

I have had a long conflict with my self, whether I should Dedicate this Trifle to your Lordship, or no. On the one hand, I ask'd my self these Questions: Ought not the Gift to be worthy of the Receiver? And ought not he, that would produce any thing worthy of my Lord *Burlington*, to obtain the same Rank by his Wit among Writers, as his Lordship holds by his great Quality, and greater Merits among Men; that is, to be the most accomplish'd Writer in the Universe? And with what Forehead then presume I, who am a Genius of an Inferior Order, to Dedicate the Productions of an Ordinary Wit, to a Person of so Extraordinary a Merit?



## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

Merit? On the other side, I discours'd thus with my self: Can I answer it to Gratitude, and the Obligations I have to my Lord *Burlington*, not to make him this small Present, a mark at least of my Respect, and proportion'd to the Capacity of the Giver, however unworthy of the Merit and Honour, of the Receiver? 'Tis true this Daughter of my Brain, is not so handsom a Maid, nor has so many Graces, and Attractions, as I could wish: yet the honest intention of the Father, in making a Present of his beloved Child, the greatest Gift he can bestow, cannot but be well accepted. Moreover I considered, that if nothing were to approach my Lord *Burlington*, but what were worthy of him, he would well nigh be Solitary; almost retired from Conversation, and the World: Retired from all Commerce with things, as well as Men: He would neither Eat, nor Drink; neither Sleep, nor be Cloathed: Neither be served, nor attended: Neither have Furniture, nor House. His Equipage, his Servants, his Table, his Apparel, the Sumptuous Bed he lies in, the Magnificent House he dwells in, are they worthy of their Master?

In this uncertainty, my Mind, like a Boat in the Sea, that is assaulted equally on both sides by the Waves, fluctuated between two Resolutions, inclining to both, and yet determin'd to neither. Many days, my Lord, this controversy of my Thoughts continued, till a strange Adventure decided it:  
Waking



## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

Waking one Morning, I was surpris'd to find at the head of my Pillow a Pacquet of Letters, from *Elyzium* directed from the Dead to the Living. Among the rest, which shall all with convenient speed be communicated to the Publick, I met with this following one from Madam *Mazarine* to your Lordship: Which soon put an end to my doubts, and determin'd me to this Dedication.

My Lord,

**A** Person of your Lordship's Gallantry, and Merit, will neither be displeas'd, nor surpris'd, to receive a Billet from a Woman. But here is the disappointment, my Lord: What you Read, comes from the Dead, and not the Living Woman: One, who has a favour indeed to ask, but none in return to grant. My Lord, by some Persons, that are lately arriv'd hither from your Upper World, who all agree that my Lord Burlington is the finest Gentleman there, I understand since my Decease, my Panegyrick has been attempted. I humbly beg for my sake your Lordship would take the performance into your Protection, and Favour. 'Tis a Vanity that follows us into Elysium, the desire of Posthumous Praise, and Affectation of an Immortal Name. Nor can your Lordship do at once a more Complaisant, and Generous Action, than to grant the request of a Woman, and defend the Memory of the Dead. If you shall do me this Honour, you will make my Death more Glorious than my Life, and even exalt me higher in these lower Regions,

A than

## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

*than when I was in my most Elevated condition upon  
Earth, and Kings, and Princes languished at my feet.*

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

*Elysium. Febr.  
20th. 99.*

You see, my Lord, 'tis Madam *Mazarine's* Ambition, as well as your Servant's, to Dedicate these sheets to your Lordship. And indeed to whom can the Praises of the finest Woman that ever lived, be better Dedicated, than to the finest Gentleman? For Madam *Mazarine's* sake then, permit me to throw this performance, together with it's Author, at your Lordship's feet.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

*John Smith.*

T H E

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# THE PREFACE.

Reader,

**T**HE Papers in your hand, were the Amusement of an idle hour at the Bath. Written in part to relieve a Melancholly Moment; and partly in Obedience to the Commands of a Lady, for whom I had no common Complaisance: With no design to see the Light, but partake of the same fate with Madam Mazarine, and perish in Obscurity. The Solicitation of some Friends, for whose Judgment I had no ordinary respect, have since prevailed upon me to send it abroad into the World: With what fate, I am not Prophet enough to foretell. 'Twould be generously done of the Town, to encourage the endeavors of a Young Man, by a favourable acception of the first performance he durst adventure to own publicly. However if it shall  
meet



## The Preface.

*meet with a different Entertainment, I thank Philosophy,  
I have constancy enough to support the Calamity. As  
to the Merit of the work, I shall say nothing ; but only  
wish it were equal to the Subject, and worthy of the  
Patron.*

Farewell.

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A  
PANEGYRICK

O N

Madam *MAZARINE*.

**I**T was one Evening that *Neander* went to pay a Visit to *Urania*: A Young Gentleman of a Spirit too Elevated for his Condition, which put him upon a vain Extravagant design of seeking the Love of a Woman, whose Merits, as well as her Quality and Fortune, set her infinitely above him. He had a long time made his Addresses to her: Had practised all the Arts which are wont to inspire Passion into Female Breasts; had Sigh'd, had Look'd, had Talk'd, had Kneel'd, had complain'd, had Died, but alas! could make no Impression on her Heart; yet still he persisted Vigorously to carry on the Attack; as well knowing, that the Heart which cannot be soften'd by entreaty, may very often be overcome by Importunity. Making therefore a Visit, according to his Custom, he found her in Company both of Ladies and Gentlemen. After  
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the usual Compliments past, *Neander*, says one of the Company, have you heard the News? What News, I pray? replies he, Is it that *Urania's* Kind? that indeed would be News; News most Welcome to *Neander*. I thought, says *Urania*, *Neander* had been better bred than to be Particular in Company of Ladies. But I can assure you, what we have to tell you, is no Welcome News. I know you had too much Complaisance for Madam *Mazarine* Living, not to be Sensibly Afflicted at her Death. And is she then Dead! says *Neander*, in great Confusion and Concern; then the finest Woman in the Universe—— ( there he stopt. ) Is Dead, says *Urania*; Is Living, says *Neander* recovering himself, is Living, is Sitting, is Discoursing before me. Yet you have gained this point, Madam, by the Dutcheß of *Mazarine's* Death, that now your Eyes are, without Contention the finest in the World: You have not now a Rival left to dispute the Prize with you. Very handsomly and Complaisantly said; returns *Urania*: But since you can speak so well on an ill Subject, let us hear what fine things you can say upon a fine Argument. Try the Power of your Eloquence on Madam *Mazarine*, and speak her *Panegyrick*. You cannot have a brighter Auditory, or brighter matter, nor are you a Contemptible Speaker. Your Unkindness, Madam, returns *Neander* sighing, is a sad, but convincing Argument how little power I have in speaking: You will excuse me then



then from an Employment, for which I am so much unqualified. Besides I preserve that respect for Madam *Mazarine's* Memory, that I would not willingly injure it so far, as to undertake to speak insufficiently her Praises. We will admit of no excuses, says *Urania*, 'tis the Unanimous request of all the Ladies; and Beauty must be obeyed. Hereupon all the Ladies and Gentlemen, with one consent and Voice, joyn their Requests with *Urania*. A long time, with a Modesty becoming a Young Man, who had a distrust of his own Strength, he declined the Office; but, being unable to resist their repeated Solicitations, he suffered himself at length to be overcome.

**I**N Obedience to your commands, Ladies, ( begins *Neander* ) I attempt to speak the Funeral Oration of Madam *Mazarine*; an Office for which I apprehend, not only my self, whose stock of Eloquence indeed is slender, but even those of the greatest Abilities, and highest attainments in Oratory, insufficiently qualified. For where is that Powerful Speaker, that great Master of Eloquence, who can hope to do Justice to her Merits? 'Tis the general Practise of Orators to Magnify, and Exaggerate where they commend: But here we are so far from being able to Praise with Advantage, that, could we speak in never so Magnificent, or Elevated a manner, we should not yet rise up, and be equal to our Argument. When we speak of Madam  
*Mazarine,*

*Mazarine*, we speak of Perfections too Sublime, we speak of Excellencies too Transcendant, to be reached by the highest flights of Wit, or loftiest Figures of Speech. To Praise her as we duly ought, we must speak as Divinely as she looks; our Words have the power of her Charms; and our Expressions the Lustre of her Eyes. I would willingly therefore have declined a Task, the weight of which Human Eloquence is not able to sustain. But 'tis *Urania's* pleasure, and I obey. An Instance of the great Power her commands have upon *Neander*, which can put him upon an undertaking, by which he is duly sensible, his own Reputation, and Madam *Mazarine's* Memory at once must suffer.

*Hortensia de Manchini*, whose *Panegyrick* we now attempt, was descended from one of the Noblest Families in *Italy*: And certainly nothing less than Blood Refined, and that had pass'd thro' illustrious Veins, could have imparted that Flame and Light to her Eyes, could have infused those delicate Sentiments into her Breast: In a word, could have given that admirable form to her Body, and that Beautiful Shape to her Mind.

She was born at *Rome*, a City which has produc'd the most considerable Persons that ever appeared in any, or indeed in all Ages: A City, which by the Magnanimous Spirit, and Elevated Genius of its Citizens, arrived to that Power and Greatness,

ness, as to attain to be Mistress of the Universe : But yet a City more Illustrious in having given Birth to *Hortensia*, than in having brought forth the most Renowned Generals, or most Celebrated Wits ; and which is more Victorious by her Eyes, which is more Triumphant by her Beauty, than by the Arms of its Happiest, and most Successful Commanders.

But 'tis glory enough for *Rome*, that it was the place of her Birth : Her Life must be an universal Blessing. Fair *Mazarine's* bright Eyes, like the Sun they resemble, must divide their Beautiful Light to many Climates. 'Tis not just, that she, who is the Glory of the whole Earth, should Inhabit a Limited part of it . 'Tis not just, that she, who is the Pride of all Countries, should be the Possession of one. 'Tis for the Credit of her Maker, that she should be seen by many Nations, by many People. And it appears to me, that those Violences of Fortune which toss'd her up and down *Europe*, driving her from one Country to another, were not intended so much to afflict, as to show the Fair Wanderer about : They were not so much the Effects of the Anger, as of the Pride, if I may so speak ; not so much the Persecution, as the Ostentation of Heaven.

She was very Young when she first began her Travels, or, to speak more properly, her Conquests. Her first Expedition was into *France*, where she soon Establish'd an Empire. That Capricious Nation,

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who



who are justly reproach'd by their Neighbours for their Levity, she fixed to her Charms, and made constant to her Beauty. 'Twas a dispute, whether had the more absolute power in *France*, their Sovereign's Scepter, or *Hortensia's* Eyes. But her Beauty put an end at once to the controversy, and the Monarch's Liberty. That Powerful Prince, at the time he was agitating mighty Designs, and making Formidable Preparations for Conquests abroad, found himself and his People brought into one common Captivity to a Fair Invader at home. At length some discontents, and misunderstandings arising between her and *Monsieur Mazarine*, she takes up a Resolution of leaving *France*, and her Husband: A Resolution, as Violent, and Precipitate in it's Measures, as it was Fatal, and unhappy in it's Consequences: A Resolution, to which she may rightly attribute all that befell her Unfortunate and Calamitous in the following Scenes of her Life. From that moment what Misfortunes did not attend her? What Inconveniencies did she not suffer? What hardships did she not undergo? What Dangers did she not Encounter? What Losses did she not sustain? The weight of all which Calamities she supported with a Fortitude of Soul, and Magnanimity of Spirit, as incredible, as it is unspeakable. By a peculiar height, and singular Elevation of Genius, she Triumphed over Accidents, as well as Hearts: And Fortune herself, that with an absolute hand, and uncontrollable Sway disposes of Human Affairs,

Affairs, subduing Men and things to her Capricious will, seemed to fall Vanquish'd, and overcome, amongst the Crowds of Captives at her Feet.

And as Misfortunes could not shake the constancy of her Mind, so neither could they weaken the Power of her Eyes. The fiercest Anger, and utmost Vehemence of Fortune, which drove her, like a Fair Vagabond, up and down Europe, Persecuting her thro' many Countries, thro' many Nations, did but rather extend the Conquests, and enlarge the Empire of her Beauty: As Flames encrease, and spread, and carry wider Terror, when Agitated, and driven by the violence, and Fury of the Winds. Wheresoever she came, all Nations received her Yoke: She took every Town she entered: She found Subjects in every City: and every Country she pass'd thro' became Tributary to her Charms. *Rome*, which gave her Birth, seemed again to have recovered the Empire, for so many Ages it had lost, by her Victorious Eyes.

At length after she had Visited, Conquer'd, and Triumph'd over great part of Christendom, she invades *England*: an Invasion, more powerful than that of *Spain*, when the Invincible *Armada* overspread our Seas; an Invasion, against which neither our Troops can defend us, nor our Navy, the Kingdoms best security, protect us.

*Hortensia*

*Hortensia* Invades us not by the common methods, or in the ordinary manner of War : Not with Horse and Foot; with Bombs and Ships : Not with Sword or Spear; with Dart or Javelin ; but Radiant Eyes, Amiable Looks, Beautiful Glances ; thousand Cupids, thousand Beauties, thousand Graces. So Formidable a Power who can resist ? The *English*, whose Spirit has ever been remarkably impatient of Servitude, now quietly submit their Tractable Necks to Beauties Yoke : And that Liberty, which they have so eminently asserted, and so signally Vindicated against the Violent Approaches, and Ambitious attempts of the Regal Authority, they cannot defend against the stronger Assaults, and more prevailing Tyranny of *Hortensia's* Charms. Nor was *Charles* himself insensible of her Attractions. He, that was supream in the Nation,, found a Power in her Face Superior to himself. In this Victorious Triumphant manner she Lived, Reigned, a Queen among us. 'Tis true, she had no Royal Ensign of Majesty : but Beauty , as it subdues without the Sword , so it Rules without the Scepter. 'Tis true, she had no Guards to attend her : but, what was more Magnificent , she needed none. Nature had arm'd every Feature in her defence : and as she Conquer'd without Troops , so she was Protected without them. The Divinity of her Person was the Security of it : As the Altar is not guarded by Bars , or Walls ; by Ramparts ,  
or



or Mounds ; but by the Inherent Religion , and Sanctity of the Ground. Her House was indeed a Palace ; for she established a Court there, which caused *Whitehall* to be abandoned. Men forsook their Interest with their Prince, to pursue a Sweeter, and more agreeable Interest with *Hortensia*. Here you might see the Old, and the Young ; the Gay, and the Severe ; the Gallant Man, and the States Man ; the Man of Pleasure, and the Man of Business ; different Humours, opposite Spirits ; following one common Inclination, and feeling one common Sentiment. Here you might see Rich Presents poured daily with Magnificent Profusion into her Lap ; which she accepted with a manner that transfer'd the Obligation. Here you might see the Politest Persons, and most delicate Wits in the Nation, contending which should be most Eloquent in their *Encomiums*, their *Poems*, their *Panegyrics* on her Person, and the Superior in the Dispute Inferior to his Argument. Here you might see all the Arts of Pleasing Practised : 'Tis become a matter of Refined Speculation, and Science, to study, and know every Humour, every Inclination, every Aversion of *Hortensia's*. In fine, here you might see Persons of the first Rank and Quality in the Kingdom, Ministers of State, Generals of Armies, prostrating themselves in languishing manner at her Feet. Nay, here you might see the Ladies too ; but in the nature of Spies, not Visitants : Maliciously they censure every part, and with an Envious

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Curiosity

Curiosity examine every Feature, if possibly they may find out some disagreement, or Irregularity in her Person. And what do they at length discover? Nothing but what is too Lovely and too Charming: Nothing but what is her Triumph, and their own defeat.

Tell me, Ladies, you, who envy her Advantages most ; you, who have the greatest Prejudice to her Person ; after your most curious inspection, after your most diligent inquiry, What fault, what defect has your Malice found ? Rather does she not seem the most glorious Piece of Earth ; does she not seem in all her parts the most finished, the most accomplish'd, the most consummate Work, that ever came out of her Creator's Hands. Examine her Face once again ; survey it well ; and tell me, was ever a Diviner Head placed upon Mortal Shoulders ? Her Eyes, are they not the finest in the Universe ? Her Hair, her Forehead ; her Eye-brows, her Chin, her Nose, her Mouth, are they not as lovely as her Eyes ? And is there not a Symmetry and Proportion in the whole, above the Power of Words ? Is there not an Air diffused throughout, full of Sweetness, and Dignity ; Lovely, and August ; that attracts, and forbids ; that invites our Love, and commands our Respect ?

From

From her Face let your examination descend to her Neck, and her Breasts : And what do you see but the most Regular Neck, but the most Beautiful Breasts in the World ?

From her Neck let it pass to her Waist ; from her Waist to her Limbs : And what do you see but the most Charming Waist, but the most exquisite Limbs in the World ?

You behold her at present as she appears in Publick, in all the Pomp and Ornament of Dress. And was there ever seen a greater and nobler Air ? What Dignity is there in her Looks ? What Majesty in her Mein ? How does she ensnare with the Artifice, amaze with the Magnificence, and overwhelm with the Splendor of her Dress ? How does she pierce with the Light, Consume with the Flame, and Astonish with the Terror of her Eyes ?

But the Company is departed, and *Hortensia* retired to her Chamber : Let us, follow her thither, and take a View of her in Dishabillee, as she lies in careless manner upon her Couch, with her *Dogs*, and her *Doves*, her *Squirrels* and her *Parrots* about her. And how does she seem now, Ladies ? Is she less Charming in this Simplicity and Negligence, than when you beheld her last in all the Pride, and Artifice of Attire ? Rather, if it be possible, is she  
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on



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You see, Ladies, *Hortensia* in her undress : You see her as terrible to the Hearts of the Men with her *Dogs*, and her *Squirrels*, as the most Celebrated Conqueror of Antiquity, with his *Horse* and his *Elephants*. But you see her at present but in one posture, as she is lying. You must Survey her Body in all its shapes, all its Situations, to take a full Prospect of its Charms. A peculiar decorum accompanies every Posture, every Gesture, every motion of *Hortensia's*. But tho' their Graces are different, their Effect is the same. For whether she lean or sit, whether she stand or walk, whether she rise or fall, whether she ascend or descend, whether she go fast or slow, whether she move her Arm or her Head, her Foot or her Hand, nay even her Handkercher, or Fan, she Charms equally the Eyes, and Captivates the Hearts of all Beholders.

But let us pass from the Graces of her Person to the Charms of her Mind.

Sit down then, Ladies, and converse with *Hortensia*. And is not now her Soul as Divine as her  
E
Body ?

Body? Her Thoughts as bright as her Looks? And the fire of her Wit, equal to the flame of her Eyes? Hear her discoursing of matters of severity and weight: What Solidity, what Judgment is there in all she says? Hear her discoursing of matters above the common Conversation, and ordinary Apprehension of Women: How just her Sense? How fine her Penetration? How large her Comprehension? How Extensive her Knowledge? How exalted her Reason? Hear her discoursing of matters airy and gay: What Spirit Agitates, what fire Animates, what force Enlivens, what life Exhilarates, what Wit Illustrates, what Politeness Embellishes, her Conversation? Hear her discoursing of matters light and indifferent: How does her Wit exalt the low Subject? Ennoble the Mean? Give weight to the light? And value to the Trivial? She manages a Trifle with the same Art, and to the same advantage as she does her Fan: As the one is a Weapon by the Government of her Hand, so the other is weighty by the Conduct of her Wit. Hear her disputing; she Triumphs over the Reason, as well as the Hearts of the Men; no less Victorious by her Argument, than her Beauty. Hear her rallying: The Arrow in her Jest is as pointed as that in her Eyes; yet tho' she strikes at, she does not offend us: tho' she agitates, she does not exasperate Conversation.

But

But turn your Thoughts from her Discourse, to the Genius that Regulates her House: and you will admire the Disposition and order; the Management, and Conduct of things. All things are so regular here, that you would think it employed all the concern of the Mistress to Govern them: and yet all things move with so much ease, that you would think again they were acted by a secret Spring of their own, or that an Invisible hand of Providence directed them. Go into every Room, and you are amazed at the Magnificence, the Rarity, the Splendor, the Variety of the Furniture: But more astonished at the admirable disposition, and Art of the Mistress, that sets things in a Beautiful Light, and advantageous Situation; diffuses throughout an Air of Politeness, peculiar only to her own Spirit; and which distinguishes her House, as well as her Person.

Sit down with her at her Table: You eat of all that is rare, all that is exquisite, all that is delicate. The Earth, the Sea, the Air contribute to the Entertainment. But her Genius contributes more than either Earth, or Sea, or Air: It improves what is Rare, Enhances what is Exquisite, and Refines what is delicate: The very Wine receives a richer Colour, and Spirit, from a fine administration; and conduct; and that which Elevates the Soul, is exalted it self at her Table.

Pass



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Sit down then, Ladies, and converse with *Hortensia*. And is not now her Soul as Divine as her  
 E Body?

Body? Her Thoughts as bright as her Looks? And the fire of her Wit, equal to the flame of her Eyes? Hear her discoursing of matters of severity and weight: What Solidity, what Judgment is there in all she says? Hear her discoursing of matters above the common Conversation, and ordinary Apprehension of Women: How just her Sense? How fine her Penetration? How large her Comprehension? How Extensive her Knowledge? How exalted her Reason? Hear her discoursing of matters aery and gay: What Spirit Agitates, what fire Animates, what force Enlivens, what life Exhilarates, what Wit Illustrates, what Politeness Embellishes, her Conversation? Hear her discoursing of matters light and indifferent: How does her Wit exalt the low Subject? Ennoble the Mean? Give weight to the light? And value to the Trivial? She manages a Trifle with the same Art, and to the same advantage as she does her Fan: As the one is a Weapon by the Government of her Hand, so the other is weighty by the Conduct of her Wit. Hear her disputing; she Triumphs over the Reason, as well as the Hearts of the Men; no less Victorious by her Argument, than her Beauty. Hear her rallying: The Arrow in her Jest is as pointed as that in her Eyes; yet tho' she strikes at, she does not offend us: tho' she agitates, she does not exasperate Conversation.

But



But turn your Thoughts from her Discourse, to the Genius that Regulates her House: and you will admire the Disposition and order; the Management, and Conduct of things. All things are so regular here, that you would think it employed all the concern of the Mistress to Govern them: and yet all things move with so much ease, that you would think again they were acted by a secret Spring of their own, or that an Invisible hand of Providence directed them. Go into every Room, and you are amazed at the Magnificence, the Rarity, the Splendor, the Variety of the Furniture: But more astonished at the admirable disposition, and Art of the Mistress, that sets things in a Beautiful Light, and advantageous Situation; diffuses throughout an Air of Politeness, peculiar only to her own Spirit; and which distinguishes her House, as well as her Person.

Sit down with her at her Table: You eat of all that is rare, all that is exquisite, all that is delicate. The Earth, the Sea, the Air contribute to the Entertainment. But her Genius contributes more than either Earth, or Sea, or Air: It improves what is Rare, Enhances what is Exquisite, and Refines what is delicate: The very Wine receives a richer Colour, and Spirit, from a fine administration, and conduct; and that which Elevates the Soul, is exalted it self at her Table.

Pass now from what is Regular in her Mind, to that which is Irregular; from her Wit, and her Judgment; her Management, and her Genius; to her Caprices, and Passions. And here certainly, if any where, you may expect to find matter for Censure. But how are you defeated in your Expectation, Ladies! Her very Caprices carry something in them more delicate than the finest Conduct of others: And she turns out of the Road with better Grace, than others keep in. Her mind is amiable under all its Variations: and, tho' her humour may change, her Graces are constant.

Her very Passions are so far from deforming her Mind, that they render it more lovely by their Agitation: As Torches shine the brighter when they are moderately shaken. 'Tis with her Mind, as with her Body; both one, and the other, become more Beautiful by motion. Even Anger, the most Turbulent, and untractable of Passions, is Sociable, is Agreeable, is Amiable in *Hortensia*: we converse with pleasure with it, and even take delight to suffer by it.

Revenge she has none: For she is not capable of a real Injury: Her Beauty is her Security against even Malice it self. Admiration she has none: For she sees no where a greater Wonder than herself. Joy, Grief, Hope, Fear indeed affect, but do not discompose

discompose her : Agitate, but do not disturb her ; give motion, but not Violence to the Waves of her Mind.

You have seen now, Ladies, *Hortensia* in her Dress, and her Undress : You have beheld the Regularities, and Disorders of her Mind : You have inquisitively examined every Feature, and every part : And what defect now have you found ? Nay, rather what Charms, what Graces, what Attractions have you not found ? In a Word, is not *Hortensia* the only Person in the World, of whom we may say, she is singular without Affectation ? For are not her Looks, her Thoughts, her Words, her Actions, different from other Women's ? But is it not Beauty, is it not Wit, is it not Sense, is it not conduct that distinguishes them ?

Go home then, Ladies, disappointed in your hopes : And as you came with Malice, return with Esteem : As you came with Envy, return with Admiration.

I have drawn now, Gentlemen, I have drawn, Ladies, a Character of Madam *Mazarine* : I have given a description of her Person, and her Mind : An imperfect Character ; an incomplete description. For what Human Rhetorick, what Mortal Elocution, can be fully equal to her Merit ? She is as much above description, as Comparison ; and her Perfections can no more be express'd than resembled.

F

And



And ought not now a Woman so Transcendently Excellent, so Consummately Perfect, to be exempt from the common Laws of Mortality? Nay, is it not Heaven's Interest, as well as ours, that she should be Immortal? For is not her Maker's Credit, is not her Maker's Glory, extended with her Life? And why then did she submit to Fate? Why was there Divinity in her Person, and yet Humanity in her Nature? Why was there Heaven in the Form, and yet Earth in the Matter? When I seriously reflect on the frail Constitution of Beauty, it administers just matter of Lamentation to me, that the most exquisite Compositions of Nature should still be most Perishable; that what deserves most to be Immortal, should be most Subject to decay; that the rudest Productions of the Earth should be more durable than the finest; and that *Stone* or *Iron*, an *Oak* or an *Elm*, should out-live a fine Woman. Wherefore weep, Ladies; weep, Gentlemen; *Hortensia* is Dead: The finest Eyes in the Universe are extinguish'd.

Alas! the uncertainty of Human Condition! The Instability of Sublunary Greatness, and Glory! She, who but the other day was in the most elevated Condition of Humanity; who had Establish'd an Universal Empire in the hearts of Men; who, like the Irresistible hand of Fate, as she smiled, or frown'd, gave Life, or Death; behold! now to what is she reduc'd! She, who was the Envy of the Women, behold!

behold ! now is their Pity : She, whom the Men  
 Ador'd, behold ! now they lament : She, who was  
 so eminently distinguish'd from all other Mortals, be-  
 hold ! now is confounded with common Dust : In  
 a word, she, who was so far exalted above us, behold !  
 now how much is she degraded beneath us ! Alas !  
 Where is now that Beauty, that subdued all Hearts ?  
 Where that charming Softness, that Divine Sweet-  
 ness in her Looks, that sooth'd and dissolv'd us ?  
 Where that lovely Severity, that Beautiful Majesty,  
 that aw'd, and astonish'd us ? Where that terrible  
 Lustre in her Eyes, that agitated our Blood, disturb'd  
 our Pulse, and shook our Soul ? Where that August  
 Mein, that Noble Air, those Graceful Motions, that  
 by an agreeable fascination enchanted us ? In fine,  
 Where that Wit, that Fire, that Spirit, that Gaiety,  
 that Politeness, that Delicacy, that Galantry of Con-  
 versation, that carried the Conquest far within us,  
 made War upon the Mind, and led our Sense, and  
 Reason into a sweet Captivity ! Weep, Ladies ;  
 Weep Gentlemen : Let the whole Nation weep.  
 But why do I confine the Sorrow ? Weep every  
 Country : Every Land. She, who was the Pride  
 of every Country ; she, who was the Glory of every  
 Land, alas ! is now no more. *Hortensia* is Dead,  
 and so are we.

Here *Neander* stopt, Interrupted by a Flood of  
 Tears. As soon as he had recovered his speech a  
 little : Forgive me, Ladies, said he, that I end in so  
 abrupt

abrupt a manner : but excess of Sorrow will not permit me to proceed. I know 'tis usual in Orations of this kind to conclude with some Consolatory Discourse. But so great is our present loss, that 'tis not in the power of Philosophy, or Argument to administer Comfort. There is but one consideration that can support us under the weight of our Grief ; and that is, that, tho' the Dutches of *Mazarine* is Dead, yet her Beauty, and her Graces ; all that was Charming, all that was lovely, whether in her Body, or her Mind ; is still living in *Urania*. For is not that, Gentlemen, Madam *Mazarine's* Mein ? Is not that her Air ? Is there not the same flame in her Eyes ? The same Fire in her Soul ? The same Dignity in her Look ? The same Majesty in her Gate ? *Neander*, returns *Urania*, we all know, Ladies, is a Complaisant Person. But I must advise you, Sir, once more not to be particular. *Neander* bow'd respectfully, and then diverted the Discourse.

F I N I S.